MERRIMACK MAGAZINE
AND
LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

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Miscellaneous Selections.

"*Varium*, that the mind—ſtudious of change
"And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd."

DUBOIS AND FANCHON.

From MOORE's View of Society and Manners in France, &c.

MY friend F— called on me a few days ſince, and as ſoon as he underſtood that I had no particular engagement, he inſiſted that I ſhould drive ſomewhere into the country, dine tête-à-tête with him, and return in time for the play.

When we had drove a few miles I perceived a genteel-looking young fellow, dreſſed in an old uniform. He ſat under a tree, on the graſs, at a little diſtance from the road, and amuſed himſelf by playing on the violin. As we came nearer we perceived that he had a wooden leg, part of which lay in fragments by his ſide.

What do you there, ſoldier? ſaid the Marquis.—I am on my way home to my own village, mon officer, ſaid the ſoldier. But, my poor friend, reſumed the Marquis, you will be a furious long time before you arrive at your journey's end if you have no other carriage beſides thete, pointing at the fragments of his wooden leg.—I wait for my equipage and all my ſuite, ſaid the ſoldier; and I am greatly miſtaken if I do not ſee them this moment coming down the hill.

We ſaw a kind of cart, drawn by one horſe, in which was a woman, and a peaſant who drove the horſe.—While they drew near, the ſoldier told us he had been wounded in Corſica—that his leg had been cut off—that before ſetting out on that expedition, he had been contracted to a young woman in the neighbourhood—that the marriage had been poſtponed till his return;—but when he appeared with a wooden leg, that the girl's relations oppoſed the match.—The girl's mother, who was her only ſurviving parent, when he began his courtſhip, had always been his friend; but ſhe had died while he was abroad.—The young woman herſelf, however, remained conſtant in her affections, received him with open arms, and agreed to leave her relations, and accompany him to Paris, from whence they intended to ſet out in the diligence to the town where he was born, and where his father ſtill lived: That on the way to Paris his wooden leg had ſnapped; which had obliged his miſtreſs to leave him, and go to the next village in queſt of a cart to carry him thither, where he would remain till ſuch time as the carpenter ſhould renew his leg.—C'eſt un malheur, mon officier, concluded the ſoldier, qui ſera bientôt réparé—et voici mon amie!*——

The girl ſprang before the cart, ſeized the outſtretched hand of her lover, and told him with a ſmile full of affection—that ſhe had ſeen an admirable carpenter, who had promiſed to make a leg that would not break, that it would be ready by the morrow, and they might reſume their journey as ſoon after as they pleaſed.

The ſoldier received his miſtreſs' compliment as it deſerved.

She ſeemed about twenty years of age, a beautiful, fine-ſhaped girl——a Brunette, whoſe countenance indicated ſentiment and vivacity.

You muſt be much fatigued, my dear, ſaid the Marquis.——On ne ſe fatigue pas, Monſieur, quand on travaille pour ce qu'on aime,† replied the girl.—The ſoldier kiſſed her hand with a gallant and tender air.—When a woman has fixed her heart upon a man, you ſee, ſaid the Marquis, turning to me, it is not a leg more or leſs that will make her change her ſentiments.—Nor was it his legs, ſaid Fanchon, which made any impreſſion on my heart. If they had made a little however, ſaid the Marquis, you would not have been ſingular in your way of thinking; but allons continued he, addreſſing himſelf to me—This girl is quite charming—her lover has the appearance of a brave fellow;—they have but three legs betwixt them, and we have four; if you have no objection, they ſhall have the carriage, and we will follow on foot to the next village, and ſee what can be done for theſe lovers.—I never agreed to a propoſal with more pleaſure in my life.

The ſoldier began to make difficulties about entering into the vis-á-vis.—Come, come, friend, ſaid the Marquis, I am a Colonel, and it is your duty to obey: Get in without much ado, and your miſtreſs ſhall follow.

Entrons, mon bon ami,‡ ſaid the girl, ſince theſe gentlemen inſiſt upon doing us ſo much honour.

A girl like you would do honor to the fineſt coach in France. Nothing could pleaſe me more than to have it in my power to make you happy, ſaid the Marquis.—Laiſſez moi faire,§ mon Colonel, ſaid the ſoldier. Je ſuis heureuſe comme une reine,‖ ſaid Fanchon.—Away moved the chaiſe, and the Marquis and I followed.

Voyez vous, combien nous ſommes heureux nous autres François á bon marché,** ſaid the Marquis to me, adding with a ſmile, le bonheur, à ce qu'on m'a dit, eſt plus cher en Angleterre.†† But, anſwered I, how long will this laſt with theſe poor people?——Ah, pour le coup, ſaid he, voilà une reflexion bien Angloiſe‡‡—that, indeed, is what I cannot tell; neither do I know how long you or I may live; but I fancy it would be a great folly to be ſorrowful through life, becauſe we do not know how ſoon misfortunes may come, and becauſe we are quite certain that death is to come at laſt.

When we arrived at the inn to which we had ordered the poſtillion to drive, we found the ſoldier and Fanchon. After having ordered ſome victuals and wine—Pray, ſaid I to the ſoldier, how do you propoſe to maintain your wife and yourſelf? One who has contrived to live for five years on ſoldier's pay, replied he, can have little difficulty the reſt of his life. I can play tolerably well on the fiddle, added he, and perhaps there is not a village in all France of the ſize, where there are ſo many marriages as in that in which we are going to ſettle—I ſhall never want employment. And, I ſaid Fanchon, can weave hair nets and ſilk purſes, and mend ſtockings. Beſide, my uncle has two hundred livres of mine in his hands, and although he is brother in law to the Bailiff, and *volantiers brutal*, yet I will make him pay it every ſous.—And I, ſaid the ſoldier have fifteen livres in my pocket, beſides two louis that I lent to a poor farmer to enable him to pay the taxes, and which he will repay me when he is able.

(To be continued.)

* *It is a misfortune which will ſoon be repaired—and ſee here's my friend.* † *We are never fatigued with labor for thoſe we love.*

‡ *Let us enter, my good friend.* § *Leave that to me, my Colonel.* ‖ *I am as happy as a queen.* ** *You ſee how cheap happineſs comes to the French.* †† *Happineſs, I have heard, is dearer in England.* ‡‡ *Ah, for an inſtant,* ſaid he, *there is a reflection truly Engliſh.*

FOR THE MERRIMACK MAGAZINE.

MESSRS. GILMANS,

By giving a place to the following in your Magazine, you will oblige, ANTIPEDANT.

*****.

From the Portsmouth Oracle.

ON ENTHUSIASM.

If any one paſſion has engaged the labors of induſtry, or rouzed the energies of genius, if any one paſſion has unveiled the myſteries of ſcience, or enlivened the germs of virtue, it is Enthuſiaſm. This ſtrengthens and exalts the underſtanding, enlarges and meliorates the heart. Enthuſiaſm is manifeſted under many forms and exerted in various ſituations; but in all, it chiefly propoſes to aſcend the thorny ſteeps of glory, and to pant for exiſtence unceaſing and honors immortal.—No one however gifted by nature or favored by fortune, has obtained eminence in life, and been crowned with the laurels of fame, whoſe breaſt has never glowed with the fire of Enthuſiaſm. This has given ſtrength and courage to the arms of the warrior; volubility and inſpiration to the tongue of the ſtateſman. Influenced by this, the hero has graced the urn of fable, and deeds of glory have ſparkled on the page of the poet.

Enthuſiaſm, when compounded with a natural ſenſibility to virtue, and judgment in executing whatever it undertakes, never fails to accompliſh the moſt important and beneficial ends. Hence its ſalutary influence in the cauſe of morality and religion. Chriſtianity, in the precepts it inculcates, in the deportment it recommends, in the temper of mind it preſcribes, diſcovers traces of its high origin, profound nature, and happy conſequences. They, who have taſted its joys and lived by its directions, who have been ſupported by its doctrines and animated with its rewards, have diſcovered an enthuſiaſm in its intereſts, which neither oppoſition could abate, nor time deſtroy This enthuſiaſm has infuſed the balm of conſolation into the mind of deſponding innocence, and fortified it with a reſolution, unawed by danger, unſubdued by death. This has induced numbers to prefer the ſtake of torture, to a renunciation of the principles of the chriſtian religion; a religion, which has conquered the ſophiſtry of the enlightened, and the ignorance of the dark ages; a religion which has travelled through eighteen hundred years with increaſing glory, and conducted thouſands through the valley of death, to the temple of happineſs.

The purſuits of active life are peculiarly favorable for the exerciſe of enthuſiaſm. Viewed either in the field of battle, or in the ſhades of peace, either in the tribunals of juſtice, or in the council chamber of the nation, it now tranſports with the fervency of its zeal, it now aſtoniſhes with the magnitude of its atchievements. Sometimes, however, its influence is fatal, as the arrows of death. When the ſyren charms of pleaſure allure from the path of duty, and hold up to view nothing but viſions of enjoyment, the ardour of fallacious hope ſhould be ſuppreſſed, and the violence of intemperate deſire ſhould be overcome. If to gratify the palate we habitually indulge in delicious viands, and ſip deep of convivial nectar, if our enthuſiaſm would forget the pleaſures of ſociability and nocturnal repoſe, in its eagerneſs to ſurround a card-table, and to revel in wanton debauchery; if we would relinquiſh the ſmiles of inoffenſive beauty, the ſoothing endearments of friendſhip, and the fireſide delights of love, to watch at the corner of ſtreets for ſome deſtructive trophy, and to viſit the houſes of ill fame in the darkneſs of night; then will our ill-timed and heated enthuſiaſm engender diſeaſe and poverty and death.

Enthuſiaſm in the purſuits of literature, opens a new field of action and new ſources of enjoyment. This ſheds on the ſolitary and humble dwelling of the ſcholar, a mild and glorious radiance. Though cloiſtered in his ſtudy, no objects to attract his notice, but the muſty folio, the eaſy chair, and the twinkling taper, his motives are noble and his pleaſures are abundant. It is his office to immortalize the actions of the ſoldier and the integrity of the ſtateſman; to rouze their patriotiſm and recompence their valour. Preſerved in the verſes of the poet, more potent than the ſpices of Arabia, the charms of beauty glow with undiminiſhed luſtre and captivate the hearts of poſterity. As the pleaſures of intellect are more exquiſite than thoſe of ſenſe, and the attainments of knowledge more ſatisfactory than thoſe of wealth, the enthuſiaſm of the ſcholar is damped neither by the coldneſs of neglect nor the ſufferings of poverty, nor the obtruſiveneſs of cares. What muſt have been the enthuſiaſm of that favorite of Minerva, who upon the ſolution of a famous problem, the work of much labor and thought, leaped from his chair and ran into the ſtreet of Athens, exclaiming, with rapture, *I have found.* Cicero, it is ſaid, enjoyed infinitely more ſatisfaction in proſecuting the ſtudy of philoſophy at his villa in Juſculum, than when from the forum, the thunder of his eloquence aſtoniſhed and confounded the Roman people. To the bower of ſecluſion, Virgil and Horace retired, to conſult the oracle of the muſes, to ſound the notes of the lyre, to viſit the vale of philoſophy, to ramble the groves of Academus; now to view the beauties of nature from the ſummit of Parnaſſus, and now to ſip an inſpiring draught at the fountains of Helicon.

In what conſtitutes true happineſs, men greatly differ and groſsly err. Some are content with repoſing on the lap of drowſineſs; their thoughts ſtagnant, their wiſhes few, their exiſtence uſeleſs. Some are ambitious to watch every turn of fortune's wheel; every ebb and flow of faſhion's tide. Their importance is derived from their new diſcoveries in the empire of dreſs and their favorable reception in the circles of the fair. A ſmile will elevate them to Heaven, and a frown ſink them to deſpair.—Who envies the happineſs of the fop, the elegant curl of his hair, or ſhape of his cravat; his dexterity in wielding a ſnuff-box, or picking up a fan. Others there are, ambitious to climb the ladder of power and ſway the rod of empire. The enthuſiaſm of the patriot is pure and dignified and ardent. His thoughts are directed to one object, and that, the happineſs of his country. This he manifeſts no leſs in ſeaſons of civil ſerenity, than of gloomy diſtreſs, no leſs in ſupporting the conſtitutions of his own country, than in oppoſing the inſults of foreign enemies. And however in the controverſies of ſect, diſtinguiſhed talents and important ſervices may be forgotten, the real patriot looks for his reward, in the applauſe of his own conſcience and the juſtice of poſterity. PERSE.

THE CHAPLAIN AND COLONEL.

A Chaplain to a regiment, not leſs remarkable for ſtrokes of humour than for the groundleſs freedom which he too often takes when mentioning the name of women, who, in ſpite of his deſcription, are truly virtuous, was ſeverely cenſuring, at a public table, the conduct of Lady ——. Colonel ——, her diſtant relation, who happened to be preſent, ſaid, "Sir, your ſcandalous ſuggeſtions are all falſe, and if I ſat next to you, I ſhould puniſh them by a blow; however, as I am at a diſtance, you are to conſider yourſelf as having received from me a ſlap in the face." "Sir," anſwered the chaplain, "my profeſſion hinders me from wearing a ſword, but if I ſat *next* to *you*, I ſhould ſeize the ſword of one of your brother officers, and directly run you through the body; however, as I am at a diſtance, *you* are to conſider yourſelf as having received your death's wound." The colonel aroſe in great anger to reply; but the chaplain obſerved, "that as he had killed his man, of courſe, nothing more could be *ſaid* by the *deceaſed* party."

LITERARY PHENOMENON.

[*FROM THE NEW-YORK EVENING POST.*]

We do ourſelves the pleaſure to recommend to the public, a little weekly paper, under the title of the *Theſpian Mirror*, of which the 4th number has already appeared. We believe we cannot do this more ſucceſsfully than by telling the following ſhort and ſimple ſtory introductory of the Editor himſelf, accompanied with a ſpecimen of his ſtyle as taken from his proſpectus.

The week ſucceeding the firſt number, ſome remarks on its merits were ſent to my paper by a correſpondent, under the ſignature of *Criticus*, but there not being room for their inſertion for ſeveral ſubſequent days, an apology was made, and a promiſe that they ſhould appear the next evening. This, by mere chance it ſeems, met the eye of the Editor of the Mirror, who immediately ſent to my houſe the following billet, written in a beautiful hand, though evidently in haſte; it is publiſhed juſt as I received it, without the alteration of a ſyllable.—

"The Editor of the Theſpian Mirror, having obſerved a note in the *Poſt* of this evening, promiſing ſome remarks on his work, would take the liberty of aſking Mr. Coleman, whether they are, or are not, in favor of the publication?

"He makes this requeſt, which may appear ſingular, on account of ſome inaccuracies which crept into the firſt number, through entire accident, and which, though they might paſs unnoticed by the community, probably would not eſcape the attention of a *Criticus*.

"He would farther obſerve, that though his extreme youth (being under the age of 14) might, in the eyes of many, be conſidered ſufficient to deter him from an undertaking of ſuch magnitude, it was commenced with a laudable deſign, and (as ſome apology for its errors) was an unaſſiſted attempt."

I peruſed the note a ſecond time, and it will not I think be conſidered ſtrange or harſh that I was incredulous to the ſtory of the writer's youth. I turned to his paper and reperuſed the *Proſpectus*, and my incredulity was by no means leſſened. It was difficult to believe that a boy of 13 years of age, could poſſeſs ſuch ſtrength and maturity of intellect. In my judgment, we have ſcarcely any thing in the annals of letters that is ſuperior to the proſaic productions of this American youth. Boys have ſometimes appeared who wrote pretty, nay good verſes at as early an age; but when we conſider how much they were aided by numbers, nothing can be found in the youthful efforts of Cowley, Milton, Pope or Chatterton, evincing a ſtrength of mind ſuperior to the ordinary and daily productions of the little lad I now do myſelf the pleaſure to notice.

But to take up the ſtory again: I wrote him a note inviting him to call in the evening; he did ſo; but his occupation in the counting room detained him till ſo late an hour that I had gone out. In the morning he returned and I ſaw him. I converſed with him for an hour; enquired into his hiſtory, the time ſince he came to reſide in the city, (he told me he was a native of Boſton) and his object in ſetting on foot the publication in queſtion. His anſwers were ſuch as to diſpel all doubts as to any impoſition, and I found that it required an effort on my part to keep up the converſation in as choice a ſtyle as his own. I have ſeen him repeatedly ſince, and have not only had the circumſtance of his "extreme youth" confirmed, but what has been my aſtoniſhment to learn that three years of his little life have been, as it were, blotted out of his exiſtence, by diſeaſe; having during that long period laboured under an attack of what is called St. Vitus' dance in its worſt form; ſo that he is really to be conſidered as ſcarcely more than 10 years of age—He has been introduced into

ſome of the firſt circles in the city, as being what he really is, a PRODIGY. Want of room prevents extending the narrative farther. I therefore finiſh with an extract from his firſt publication, which, it may be relied on, was written, reviſed and corrected by himſelf.

TO THE PUBLIC.

" To wake the ſoul by tender ſtrokes of art,
To raiſe the genius and to mend the heart,
To make mankind in conſcious virtue bold,
Live o'er each ſcene, and be what they behold ;
For this the Tragic muſe firſt trod the ſtage,
Commanding tears, to ſtream through ev'ry age,
Tyrants no more their ſavage nature kept,
And foes to virtue, wonder'd how they wept!"—*Pope.*

IN preſenting the preſent ſheet to the enlightened citizens of New-York, as a ſpecimen in matter and manner of a work which on ſufficient encouragement will be iſſued in this metropolis, the Editor would obſerve that it is propoſed to comprehend a collection of intereſting documents relative to the ſtage, and its performers; chiefly intended to promote the intereſts of the *American Drama*, and to eradicate falſe impreſſions reſpecting the nature, objects, deſign and tendency of *Theatrical Amuſements*.

It cannot be denied that the STAGE is calculated for purpoſes, at once the moſt laudable and uſeful. From its glowing and impreſſive repreſentations, the Tyrant is induced to relax his wonted ſeverity; and the hand of Avarice is opened to the generous influence of Benevolence; the wantonneſs of the Profligate, is ſucceeded by philoſophic thoughtfulneſs; and the aſperity of Miſanthropy, is ſoftened into charity and cheerfulneſs; the conſcience of the criminal is ſtruck to repentance, and thoſe abſurdities and follies which pervade the 'living manners as they riſe,' and are not immediately cognizable by the criminal or canon laws, are made to ſhrink and retire before the laſh of dramatic ſatire:

" Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,
Yet touch'd and ſham'd by ridicule alone!"

Under theſe impreſſions, the EDITOR of the *THESPIAN MIRROR*, ventures to preſent his work to the public eye; and though it comes forward unintroduced, and without any other recommendation than its own merits, he is induced to hope, that the little ſtranger will be received with civility, judged with candor, and, (if conſiſtent with its deſerts) be rewarded by the cheering beams of public patronage.

Having ſaid thus much, the Editor reſpectfully ſubmits the publication, and its plan, to the candid examination of the community at large, anticipating, (while he eſpouſes the cauſe of the STAGE, as the epitome of men and manners, and the teacher of virtue and morality) his reward in the encouraging patronage of the citizens of New-York, to whom the publication is reſpectfully dedicated, by *THE EDITOR.*

FOR THE MERRIMACK MAGAZINE.

MESSRS. GILMANS,

THE following is the introductory Eſſay of a periodical writer in a modern American publication. I wiſh you to give it publicity, that ſome of the literati may thereby be induced to commence ſomething of the kind for your valuable Magazine, for which I do not conſider myſelf capacitated. Yours, AMANUENSIS.

Unleſs to ſome peculiar end aſſign'd,
Study's the ſpecious trifling *of the mind.*
YOUNG.

THOSE perſons, who value their time too highly to conſume it among books, frequently wonder what can induce people, who have no profeſſional attainments in view, to impair their health, wear out their eyes, and deſert their friends, for the ſake of hanging over volumes whoſe contents are admitted to be of no uſe, ſince thoſe who read them ſeldom venture to converſe upon them.

This remark, though the learned generally treat it with contempt, is not altogether without reaſon. Society has a right to demand an account of every man's employments; and if a faithful regiſter were to be kept of all the hours ſpent to no purpoſe, in the ſpace of a year, perhaps a great proportion of them would be found to have paſſed away in libraries, or at the booksellers', in deſultory amuſement and ineffectual preparations. The merit of every method of occupying the mind, muſt be weighed only by its relation to the benefit of mankind. He who collects facts and compiles materials, merely for his own ſolitary rumination, whatever ſtrength of genius he may poſſeſs, ſurely deſerves to be conſidered by the world as a TRIFLER; who, having conferred no benefit on ſociety, is entitled to receive none in return. The next ſtage of eſtimation belongs to him, who is willing to communicate and deſirous to inſtruct, but whoſe abilities to do good are enfeebled by irregular ſtudies and imperfect acquiſitions. Among theſe the Triſler of this paper, confeſſes his eminence; and, having employed great part of a long life in various and unconnected literature, he is anxious to make atonement by endeavoring, though late, to leave to his country, ſome of thoſe monitory legacies which his reading and experience will enable him to do.

The great impediment to the progreſs of a periodical writer, whoſe labours derive no importance from the difficulty or ſingularity of his ſubject, conſiſts in the unavoidable ſolicitude to engage attention by the diſcovery of new ſubjects, or the addition of freſh and unexpected embelliſhments in the manner of treating the old. Hence it follows, that as truth cannot be diverſified, the writer is led aſtray in purſuit of novelty, and the farther he deviates from the beaten tracks of common opinion, the wider he wanders from truth, and the more he is involved in error and perplexity. In this ſituation wit even becomes embarraſſed and argument unmanageable, the endeavour to clear his path only ſerves to diſcover the accumulation of its obſtacles, and the only method of eſcaping the diſgrace of utter abſurdity, and preſerving the few readers, who ſtill have the patience to accompany him, is to return without delay to the boundaries of common ſenſe, and endeavour, as ſoon as poſſible, to think like other people.

This remark, however, is to be confined to moral topics; for, perhaps, the firſt employment of man, after the proviſion for his immediate wants and appetites had left him leiſure for ſpeculations, was to enquire into the elements of the moral duties. It was a ſubject of little obſcurity; for the general principles of it, as they muſt ſoon have been practiſed, muſt have been ſoon underſtood; and hence we may ſafely venture to aſſert, that it is many ages ſince any thing new could be ſaid upon moral ſubjects. I ſhould lament if I conceived myſelf able to point out any duty not already known, to promiſe any virtuous pleaſure which has not been repeatedly enjoyed.

But what cannot be effected by the ſeductions of novelty, may be compaſſed by the induſtry of repetition. The precepts which have exiſted in ſubſtance ſince the earlieſt hiſtory of man, whoſe excellence derides the endeavour to improve them, and whoſe ſanction is built on the experience of their benefit, may perhaps be preſented to the mind with ſucceſs by a cotemporary, though humble writer, whoſe vehicle procures him a peruſal; and the mind whoſe obduracy has repelled the firſt application, may gradually ſubmit to the ſucceſſive efforts of honeſt ſolicitude. The learned and the faſtidious may ſoon, indeed, become impatient of the triteneſs of thought or the meanneſs of expreſſion of the Triſler, but a zealous writer will, without much difficulty, compound for the admiſſion of his doctrines at the expence of their dreſs; and if one wandering mind is recalled to virtue by any of the future papers under this title, the critics are welcome to all the reſt.

THE TRIFLER.

Scraps of Humour.

A DROLL MISTAKE.

Some time ago a certain Lord gave a grand gala to the members of the volunteer corps in his neighbourhood, all of whom attended in *full uniform*—among others his Lordſhip's *taylor* was preſent, the hoſt came up to him ſaying, " My dear ſir, how do you do? I beg your pardon—I forget your name, but I perfectly recollect ſeeing you ſomewhere before." The taylor was a little confounded by this particular notice, and as the beſt way of making himſelf remembered, whiſpered, '*I made your breeches.*' The noble Lord thinking the taylor had informed him of his name, turned round, and took him by the hand, exclaiming, " *Major Bridges*, I am happy to ſee you."

ROMAN COBLER AND HIS PARROT.

A Roman cobler had taught a parrot to ſalute the Emperor as he went along the ſtreet, with theſe words—*Hail, Cæſar!* Which the Emperor hearing, gave him a royal price for it.—The poor man, overjoyed at his good luck, got another parrot, and attempted to teach him in the ſame manner; but having taken much ineffectual pains, he uſed to fret, and ſay, *I have loſt my labour;* yet at length, by daily repeating theſe words, the parrot had learned both ſentences; and the next time the Emperor came by, it ſaid, *Hail, Cæſar!* To which the Emperor replied, *I have enough of ſuch flatterers at home.* The parrot, having her leſſon perfect, rejoined, *I have loſt my labour;* which the Emperor hearing, and pleaſed with the novelty, bought this alſo, and ſettled a generous penſion on the cobler during life.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

Two gentlemen meeting on Ludgate Hill, the one ſaid, he had juſt been to ſee a *poor friend* of his in priſon. " Well," ſays the other, " a *poor* friend is the *beſt* friend." " Indeed," ſays the firſt gentleman, " that ſeems to be a paradox—how can you make that out?" " Why, ſir," replied the other, " do you not know, a friend *in need* is a *friend indeed.*"

The following elegant lines were handed about at Paris, on the firſt repreſentation of Kotzebue's '*Stranger.*'

Moi je plains un bon epoux,
Qui par miſanthropie,
Va dans les bois, entre les loups,
Pleurer ſon Eudalie;

Si chez nous toujours, le meme cas,
Entrainoit les memes ſuites,
Nos forets ne ſuffiroient pas
Pour loger nos hermites.

☞ *A Tranſlation is requeſted.*

To Readers & Correspondents.

AT the requeſt of one of our FAIR PATRONS, we have commenced an intereſting extract from 'Moore's View,' &c.—To an intelligent friend we are indebted for a tranſlation of the ſentences in French.

With the requeſt of 'ANTIPEDANT' we comply with pleaſure, and tender him thanks for a repetition of favors; a continuance of which is ſtill ſolicited.

Should the communication of 'AMANUENSIS' have the deſired effect, we ſhall not regret complying with his requeſt. We fear, however, that the ſterility of the literary ſoil in this vicinity, (and the avocations of the lettered few) will render his wiſhes *fruitleſs.*

PHALERIUS is thanked for his ſelected communication.——Future favors requeſted.

Poetry.

COMMUNICATED

FOR THE MERRIMACK MAGAZINE.

MARIA.

'TWAS near a thicket's calm retreat,
Beneath a poplar tree,
MARIA chose her wretched seat,
To mourn her sorrows free.

Her lovely form was sweet to view,
As dawn at op'ning day,
But, ah! she mourn'd! he loves not true,
And wept her cares away.

The brook flow'd gently at her feet,
In murmurs smooth along,
Her pipe, which once she tun'd most sweet,
Had now forgot its song.

No more to charm the vales she tries,
For grief had fill'd her breast,
Those joys which once she us'd to prize,
But love had robb'd her rest.

Poor hapless maid, who can behold
Thy sorrows so severe,
And hear thy love-lorn story told,
Without a falling tear.

MARIA, luckless maid, adieu,
Thy sorrows soon must cease,
For heaven will take a maid so true,
To everlasting peace.

PHALERIUS.

From the Hive.

BENEVOLENCE.

WHEN storms of grief assail the heart,
And fortune proves unkind:
When sad affliction aims her dart,
To pierce the sinking mind:

When sorrow casts a gloom around,
And trouble is intense;
Where can relief be sought and found,
But in BENEVOLENCE?

In this the widow seeks redress
From curs'd oppression's power;
'Tis this that saves her from distress,
In mis'ry's baleful hour.

'Tis this that soothes the orphan's grief,
That checks the pearly tear,
That gives to sorrow sweet relief,
And raises from despair.

When sense of woe and deep distress,
On ev'ry side appear,
To mild BENEVOLENCE we raise,
The supplicating tear.

Happy the man, whose gen'rous heart,
No selfish views can know;
Who labors happiness t' impart,
Where tears of mis'ry flow.

EPIGRAM.

JOE Sprightly once courted a beautiful maid,
She ask'd, 'Had he form'd a connection in trade?'
'Not yet,' he replied, 'but I have one in view,
For I hope to become *sleeping partner* with you.'

ON A LADY THROWING SNOW-BALLS.

*Inscribed to Miss E****.*

OFT had I heard that love's a flame,
Form'd to subdue the heart,
And Cupid was the archer's name,
That wings the fatal dart.

But ne'er till now of snow I knew
The all resistless power;
When urg'd, it seems, by love and you,
Transform'd's the frozen shower.

From cold to heat—from ice to fire,
It turns the flying ball,
Only to prove when you inspire,
How you can alter all.

Thoughtless I gaz'd, as on the snow
Your magic touch you threw;
But when I felt the sudden glow,
That from it's pressure grew—

I saw how cruel was the aim
That did your fancy please,
You lov'd indeed to wake the flame,
But scorn'd to give it ease.

Then cease, fond nymph, with balls to pelt,
Than winter more severe,
These—warmer suns indeed might melt,
But those—what hope can cheer?

TO A YOUNG LADY,

ON SEEING HER AT CHURCH.

How beauteous, ANNA, 'tis to view
The fair assemble, in a pew,
Within the consecrated ground,
The praises of his name to sound,
Who governs Nature by his laws,
And claims of right its just applause.
Then bloom and beauty all conspire,
To fan devotion's hallow'd fire,
And waft *his* praises to the skies,
Whose bloom and beauty never dies.

See, ANNA, every budding flower,
In its best manner own his power;
No sooner do their colours glow,
But all before his face they blow,
And feign would deck his mighty throne,
But that its beauties form'd their own.

See all the forests wave their tops
To him from whom their freshness drops;
They all combine in lofty strain
To waft his glories o'er the plain,
And teach the shepherds, in their shade,
To love him, who their branches made.

See rivers flow in peace along,
Or, on their margin, hear the song:
For him the song delights to glow,
Who first their waters taught to flow.

If earth her velvet carpet spreads,
Or float the breezes o'er our heads;
Do azure skies or starry nights,
Afford their pale or splendid lights;
Or do the tenants of the field
Or air, their source of comfort yield—
'Tis all by his supreme command,
Who holds the world within his hand.

This ANNA knows, and grateful pays
Him homage, who has crown'd her days
With such a lavish tide of joy,
As always does her heart employ
Whene'er at church amid the throng,
She hears the organs wake the song
To Him, who form'd her with such care,
That she might shine a pattern there.

Hymeneal.

'Delightful state! to whom alone is given,
'On earth, to antedate the joys of heaven.

MARRIED]—In Greenland, by Rev. Mr. Neal, Capt. *Robert H. Major*, of London, to Miss *Agnes Meader*, of the former place.

In Portsmouth, Mr. *William Stocker*, to Miss *Mary Pitman*.—Mr. *Josiah Tuck*, to Miss *Lydia Shapleigh*.—Mr. *Aja Davis*, to Miss *Eliza Adams*.—Mr. *Eber Barns*, to Miss *Mary Adams*.—Mr. *Cornelius Brimhall*, to Miss *Miriam Simpson*.

In Windham, Mr. *William Codman*, of Portland, to Miss *Lucretia Smith*.

In Bangor, *Jacob Mugor*, to Miss *Phebe Poor*.

In Buxton, Mr. *Theodore Power*, to Miss *Ruthy Elder*.

In Berwick, Mr. *Joshua Meader*, to Miss *Phebe Rogers*.

On Ile Wetmore, (Hancock co.) Mr. *Benjamin Shute*, to Miss *Sarah Partridge*.

In Wiscasset, Capt. *William Stevens*, to Mrs. *Elizabeth Coverly*.—Mr. *Caleb Gray*, to Mrs. *Jemima White*.—Mr. *James M'Kelsea*, to Miss *Hannah Brigs*.

In Northyarmouth, Capt. *Alford Richardson*, merchant, to Miss *Susan Barnevill*.

In Falmouth, Mr. *Ebenezer D. Woodford*, to Miss *Mary Francis*.

In Boston, Mr. *George Hallet*, to Miss *Eliza Gordon*.—Mr. *John Campbell*, to Miss *Catharine Bowers*.

In this town, Mr. *Salem Woodward*, to Miss *Eleanor Clark*, daughter of Capt. Greenleaf C.

In Portland, during the year 1805, *there were* one hundred and ten marriages.

Obituary.

'Hope humbly then, with trembling pinions soar,
'Wait the great teacher, Death; and God adore!'

DIED]—In Portsmouth, Mrs. *Phenix*, aged 98.—Miss *Sally Wentworth*, aged 14.

In Berwick, Mrs. *Rhoda Lambert*, consort of Wm. Lambert, Esq. attorney at law.

In Salisbury, Mrs. *Boardman*, aged 58, consort of Mr. Thomas B.

In Portland, during the year 1805, *there were* 157 *funerals.*

REMOVAL.

EBENEZER STEDMAN,

INFORMS his friends and the public, that he has REMOVED his BOOK-STORE, from No. 6, State-street, to the Shop *immediately opposite*, formerly occupied by Jonathan Marsh, Esq. corner of Middle street—

WHERE HE HAS FOR SALE,

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF

Books, Charts, Stationary,

and other articles,

which will be sold on the most reasonable terms, *wholesale and retail.*

Newburyport, Feb. 8. 1806.

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AND

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